

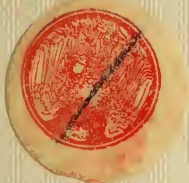
# PEACE SONNETS

by JESSIE WISEMAN GIBBS

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# PEACE SONNETS

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JESSIE WISEMAN GIBBS

11



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no.

He is our peace.—Paul

How is it that ye do not discern this time?—Jesus





## AUTHOR'S NOTE

A WORD of explanation is necessary to give the reader the view-point of the various sonnets in this collection. The first twenty of them were written over a year before the great war began, or was dreamed of on this side the Atlantic, the initial number having been a contribution to the first discussion as to whether the canal tolls dispute should be submitted to arbitration. The twenty-first number was written in view of possible conflict with Mexico, at the time when American war ships were first sent to Vera Cruz. The remaining thirty-six were, as can be seen, inspired by the war.

A few of the sonnets here presented have already appeared in the religious press, or in the author's former volume of lyrics, entitled "Overtones."

J. W. G.



## I

O my dear Country, thou canst never dare  
Deny the Court of Peace! Thou, who art hope  
Of the world's weary nations; 'neath the slope  
Of whose spread wings they seek a sheltering care  
Like to the care of God! Thou, who must share  
Christ's saving travail for their sons, who grope  
Through toil to thee; must in thy members cope  
With all their war, in strength of naught but prayer!

Nay, but thou must be first to own that Court  
And set it as a crown upon the brow  
Of Christ, the King of Nations; first must thou  
Confess his heavenly rule thy last resort,  
Even as it is: so shall He judge thy cause  
And stablish it in his unfailing laws!

## II

Why trust we yet in enginery of war,  
O Country of my heart, who have a King  
Who has no need of any such a thing?  
Who makes us free within, and doth abhor  
Aught save the gift of life and freedom, nor  
Is willing one should perish? Think we the sting  
Of death to 'scape, with vain imagining—  
To deal therein, and still his life implore?

Lo, the hour has struck for peace, and we have heard  
Christ in our heart speak "Peace!" It is thy hour,  
My Country! O shrink not its regnant power,  
But stand forth in the strength that Christ doth  
give—

Speak peace, that thou and all the lands may live,  
Ere thou and they all perish by the sword!

### III

So shalt thou own thy Savior, King, and find  
His power; so shall the nations own how great  
Thy youth and virtue, that could slough the weight  
That crushed the world, and dare be free and kind;  
So shall the peace of his untrammelled mind  
Rule thine own inward strifes of social hate;  
So shalt thou plant that universal state  
Wherein his love shall be at last enshrined.

So shalt thou bring again the angels' song;  
So shall the star be seen again in Heaven;  
So shall the nations look to it and long  
For the salvation to God's people given;  
So shall the Savior promised to all earth,  
Through thy pure travail have his modern birth!

#### IV

Thou shalt not find Him till thou be so great  
To give Him to the world: his truth, his peace,  
Are known in sharing; evermore increase  
From man to man, from loyal state to state;  
For they may not be bound, but still must wait  
Fulfillment till the last despite shall cease  
And all men freely share them. Yet if these  
Things seem a mystery, know, before too late:

If states of thine may not lift up the hand  
Against thee; if thy striker may not reach  
To strike with steel; if tribes that in thee stand  
May war no more, but dwell as friend with friend;  
Then thou must practice this that thou dost teach  
And say among the nations, "War must end!"

## V

Lo, now, how Christ doth overcome the world!  
Yet we, who bear his name, are feared of it;  
Yea, tremble, and conform ourselves to fit  
Its will, who should be transformed and unfurled  
In power to do his righteousness, who hurled  
The planets in their orbits, and who lit  
The spark of life within us, infinite,  
To blaze when systems are in ashes curled!

But if we dared be free in Him, and say  
Among the nations, "He is King indeed,  
"And by his truth alone will we be freed!"  
There's not a kindred the blue ocean laves  
Would dare to stand before us, more than they  
Who went to capture Him with swords and staves!

## VI

Ye nations of the earth, have ye not said,  
“We will increase our strength with ships and guns”?  
Yet now do they consume your little ones,  
And while ye think to make your bullets red  
In brothers’ blood, in your own house lie dead  
Your children; for God chastens so his sons,  
Bringing the ill they practice whence it runs  
Back to recoil at last on their own head.

But if ye once had known your Father, God,  
Ye could not lift the hand against your brother;  
And if ye once had felt his chastening rod,  
Would leave to Him the vengeance; if ye knew  
The mighty fortress He hath given to you  
In these, your children, ye would ask no other.



## VII

Behold the missionaries of Christ's cross,  
That go before the merchant ventures! These,  
More than all ships of war, bring in the peace  
Of the world, and what they spend is never loss.  
Think, if we gave the heathen but our dross  
Of vice and war-craft, how their hordes would seize  
Our weapons to despoil us, and appease  
With smell of our spilt blood their lustful joss!

Nay, we must give them Christ, or on our head  
Their sin shall be, and God unto their strife  
Shall give us up to chastisement; our pelf  
Shall profit us no more, when we are dead:  
For selfishness doth still defeat itself,  
And sacrificial love is fount of life.

## VIII

I sing the soldiers of the coming wars,  
The wars of God and man, of common weal  
And individual glory. Not with steel  
Nor for destruction, pass their shining corps  
Where all our modern tumult sweats and roars;  
But girt with faith, love, prayer,—how e'er they feel  
The iron in their own souls—to save and heal,  
And Christ leads on, who all to God restores!

These be thy heroes, O my Country! They  
Shall wear henceforth thy laurel and thy bay!  
Thou shalt not give again the crown of thorns  
To Him who is thy Savior, nor the ray  
And aureole of glory that adorns  
His brow to them that pillage and that slay!

## IX

'T is not enough, my Land, that thou shouldst cry  
To Christ to save, but thou must crown Him King  
Ere He can save thee; thou must dare to fling  
Thine all on Him and trust Him, live or die,  
Ere thou canst find his power, or live thereby.  
Behold, how beautiful his feet, that bring  
Good news of peace! Behold Him in the spring  
Of glorious day, descending from on high!

Hail Him, my Country! Crown Him, whom so long  
Men dared deny the crown! Whom God doth crown  
In Heaven before the angels, who with song  
Acclaim Him King forever, casting down  
Their diadems before Him, choosing Him  
Before all glory in themselves grown dim!

## X

Hail Him! For it is He who left his throne  
In glory and came down to earth and men,  
To lift them with his own hands up again  
Into that heavenly light that was his own  
Before the world was! Hail Him, who has known  
Our sorrows, shared our burdens, borne our pain,  
In his own body—yea, our sins amain—  
O'ercoming all in his love's might alone!

Hail Him victorious! Hail Him conqueror  
And King forever! Own Him with thy whole  
Heart, O my Country, even as the soul  
That lives by his great life! Have thou no shame  
To speak of Him before the kings that war,  
But let the whole earth hear thee praise his name!

## XI

Crown Him with many crowns, United States!  
A crown for every one—one crown for all!  
Crown Him, ye thousand cities, great and small!  
Crown Him, ye villages and farms, whose gates  
Teem with the future! Crown Him, Magistrates,  
Governors, President! Before Him fall  
And vow yourselves the vassals of his thrall!  
Crown Him, each soul that for God's Kingdom waits!

Call Him our Counsellor, our mighty God,  
Our everlasting Father, Prince of Peace,  
Whose Kingdom in our hearts can never cease;  
Who plants the life of God in us to grow  
And bring forth healing for the nations—O  
He shall bring down all Heaven upon our sod!

## XII

Proclaim Him, Stars and Stripes, upon all seas;  
Till men shall say throughout thy voyagings,  
“’Tis Christ’s undying love the banner flings  
“Forth in its red; his purity decrees  
“In its white; in its stars of Heaven, his truth. With  
these  
“Great glories wrapt, their eagle soars, who brings  
“Christ’s healing in the spreading of his wings,  
“Where farthest rivers pour, or oceans freeze!”

O thou shalt live, my Country, and be free,  
By Him alone, whose power alone can save!  
And if thou lose Him, thou hast but the grave!  
And if thou fail Him now in craven fears,  
And fail the world his love would save through thee,  
Then God must try again, a thousand years!

### XIII

Lo, how we are entangled in the coil  
Of precedents! How we hedge up our way  
With Heaven-high walls of what men do and say,  
Until we see not God! How we embroil  
Us with conformity—an endless toil!—  
Till in the labrinth we are spent and stay,  
Hopeless to be delivered, afraid to pray,—  
Trusting at last what doth our strength despoil!

But God's not so! For then He lets us die  
And calls a child and sets him in the midst,  
And a new nation. So of old Thou didst,  
O God! So dost Thou till thy Kingdom come!  
How long, O Lord, how long? And shall we lie  
Us down so mazed and spent and overcome?

## XIV

So shall we die, my Country; yea, and thou,  
That gloriest in thy strength and stretchest thee  
As a young giant forth from sea to sea—  
So shalt thou perish, if thou choose not now  
Thy God against the world. For if thou bow  
To the world's idols, thou shalt surely see  
The bitter doom of their captivity  
And drink thy sin in that despairing slough!

But now, whilst thou art young, is time to choose:  
As for the lands, let them do what they will;  
But as for thee, with all thy heart, choose God;  
For none can stand against his righteous rod,  
And they who seek its shelter cannot lose  
The comfort, the green fields, and waters still.



## XV

Rejoice, my Land, and glory in thy youth!  
Be thou not as the nations, dead in sin;  
But be alive to God, renewed within  
To know his will and overflow in ruth  
Unto the world's end. Suffer not the tooth  
Of time to prey upon thee, nor begin  
To feel thy tides set inward, but still win  
A higher freedom through a higher truth!

God bless thee! God be in thee! God set on  
Thy courts his heavenly glory; give Christ's face  
To shine on every child, in every place  
Of thy dominion; give thee righteousness  
And peace, within, without; give, through his Son,  
All power to thee to curse not, but to bless!

## XVI

America! New World! Empire of Man!  
Hope of the nations! Land of destiny,  
Wherein the whole world looks to be set free!  
Think'st thou to bind the races with a ban  
Of peace, who hated since the world began?  
For black, red, brown, white, yellow, meet in thee;  
And wilt thou teach them all one fealty?  
And be to all one mother, if thou can!

Hope not to do it by any earthly thing;  
But only by Himself, who is the King  
Of Kings and Lord of Lords, the Almighty Son  
Of God and man, whose love hath power to bring  
All men of every race and clime in one  
Unto his Father, till his will be done!

## XVII

O for the prophet's vision to discern  
The things of thy dear peace, to read for thee  
The inner secret of all history!  
O for the will in thee to look and learn!  
What were those mighty forces that could burn  
Up nations into empires?—Look and see:  
Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and he,  
The fierce Mogul, Napoleon,—each in turn!

Their spirits gone, how soon their realms decayed!  
And shall we take the world to us and think  
To stand, one body, with no soul arrayed  
Therein as King of all? The devil enticed  
Us to this thought, who would that we should sink  
To ruin with the rest,—but crown we Christ!

## XVIII

Think you if those six thousand murderers  
Who wrought their deeds of blood in us last year  
Had had the spirit of Christ, we had had fear?  
Think you if those uncouth worshippers  
Of lust and mammon which our age incurs  
Through ignorance of God, had dared to rear  
Their bloody idols up amongst us here,  
If we had had his spirit in us, sirs?

Hear, O my Brothers! Iron bars nor laws  
Shall ever save us, but his secret art;  
And love of Him is more than all police  
And ships of war to keep our realm in peace;  
And this is our great policy, to cause  
Each child to know and love Him in his heart!

## XIX

O that the perfect faith would issue here !  
That scales of doubt and selfishness and pride,  
That blind our eyes, would fall before the tide  
Of rising light wherein Christ doth appear  
Alone, supreme, divinely near and dear  
To each and all ; until we did abide  
In Him, one body, instinct and glorified  
By his great life and love, that cast out fear !

O Christ, Desire of Nations ! God and man !  
We long for Thee ! Our heart and flesh cry out  
For Thee, till Thou be formed in us, our Son  
And Savior, our Immanuel ! We can  
But seek Thee till we find Thee, till all doubt  
Be vanquished, and thy glorious Kingdom won !

## XX

Lo, thou, my Land, art God's new Israel,  
And He has held, close in his counsels furled,  
Till thy full time, this Canaan of the world,  
And called thy children forth therein to dwell  
From the world's bondage, that Immanuel  
Might reign in thee at last, and throngs that swirled  
About thee should return through all the world,  
Bearing his blessings forth, that in thee well.

Thy federal law is his great Kingdom's law;  
Thy dream of one in many, his dream of  
The race; O if He reign in thee and draw  
All men to Him, his glorious life and love  
Shall loose the law, the dream, in life,—send forth  
His liberty of love through all the earth!

## XXI

If we must fight, my Country, let it be  
For sake of love and peace and duty plain ;  
Let history not say we filled with slain  
For vengeance or vainglory, vauntingly,  
One field of earth ; but sorrowing, as he  
Who smites his son to guide him and restrain,  
And as the world's Redeemer, for our gain,  
Suffered and died upon Mount Calvary.

So shall our soul be clear of blood, save the  
Pure blood of his great travail, which He lays  
On us to bear with Him in these last days ;  
Our sons who die in such a cause shall be  
The blessed martyrs of his Kingdom's rise  
And come again with Him from Paradise.

## XXII

Ye peoples who profess to worship Christ,  
Ye kings who claim Him for your Overlord,  
Ye parliaments who hear his saving word,  
Ye souls who live by what He sacrificed,—  
In what an evil hour are ye enticed  
Of this world's Prince to lift the murderous sword  
Against each other,—ye, whose treasures horde  
A love that for the world's peace had sufficed!

Are ye not traitors to your Sovereign King,  
Whom He would bring in one, to do this thing?  
Who then shall save you when the heathen laugh?  
Hope ye yet in the sword, to live thereby?  
The sword, wherein ye trust, shall turn and quaff  
Your blood, and by it ye shall surely die!



## XXIII

I said in haste, "O for the famine or  
"The pestilence, to make us think on God!"  
I knew not what I said, nor how his rod  
Would smite the nations with this awful war!  
If we have need of signs, what look we for  
More than this bubbling blood, by blind hate sod,  
Dishonored and cast out on every clod,  
Which should be of Christ's life inheritor?

O be thou wiser, my Beloved : know  
They live by Him in whom his spirit dwells  
Of faith and love! They triumph who dare show  
The godlike deeds thereof! But Satan quells  
Their valor, and they perish in defeat  
Who doubt with doubt and hate with hatred meet!

## XXIV

How shall we pray for them, O God, who say  
They are of Christ, and do the works of Cain,  
Who mind no more that they are men, nor chain  
Within their bosoms the wild beasts of prey,  
But let them forth to ravish and to slay,  
Putting their trust in Satan and his train?  
Yet are we of their kindred and their strain—  
For their peace and our own, we can but pray!

Yet not for peace alone, but righteousness  
And truth, wherein are peace that shall endure,  
And love, which is alone the perfect cure  
Of all their ills and ours, the potent law  
Of Heaven's Kingdom, that must surely draw  
The nations to its sway, ere Thou canst bless.

## XXV

We made such outward show of being fair,  
Were so untroubled, so self-gratified,  
We liked no more to hear what foul germs plied,  
Of the old plague, within us, nor were 'ware  
How sore we needed a Physician's care,  
While the hid ulcer gathered in our side;  
But now it hath burst forth and we can hide  
No more our shame, which to the world is bare.

Gone is the lying refuge, the false calm  
And pride! In utter helplessness we cry,  
"Is there in Christendom no healing balm,  
"And no Physician there with saving skill?  
"God of all mercy, hear us, ere we die!  
"Send Him to us, that we may do his will!"

## XXVI

I see through this most sacrilegious feast  
Of lust and blood, a hand come on the wall  
Of modern palaces and write the fall  
Of kings; for from the greatest to the least,  
They have been weighed in balances and ceased  
From honor, having been found wanting, all,  
Bringing the world again to brutish brawl:  
Therefore shall they be cast out as the beast,

Until they know that God is more than they;  
And these their kingdoms God shall take away  
From them and give to Him who rules by right  
Divine of love, and by its perfect might;  
Who leads his subjects into peace, not strife,  
And suffers death, Himself, to give them life.

## XXVII

Though thou must suffer, my Beloved, yet  
Stand fast in Christ's great spirit, reaching out  
Strong hands of love and prayer; though they flout  
Or wound thee, never falter, nor forget  
Thy Savior, who is more than thou, but let  
His Voice ring through thy voice with instant shout  
To pierce the maddened tumult and the rout,  
"I am your peace! I paid its bloody debt!"

The world shall hear that Voice! Believe and love!  
Fail not thy Lord nor them in this dread hour!  
He shall not fail thee, but will give thee power  
To be new-born into his Kingdom. They  
In after time shall call thee servant of  
Our God, and bringer of his Kingdom's sway!

## XXVIII

The earth is God's, the continents and seas,  
The islands and the inland streams and lakes,  
Each gloomy fern and golden fin that shakes  
In water, each glad wing that beats the breeze  
Of air, all ores and gems that melt and freeze  
In hidden ducts of mountains; for He makes  
Them all, and all the seeds of life, and wakes  
Anew each year the beasts and grass and trees.

And ye, O Nations, do but hold in trust  
A little while this wealth of his for all  
His children, and should in one council call  
On Him for strength to minister such stores  
In honor; but ye slay the heirs and thrust  
Them forth, to seize the inheritance for yours!

## XXIX

Above the noise of battle and the cry  
Of wounded and of dying, the vast groans  
Of wasted provinces, the gathered moans  
Of widows and of orphans, through the sky  
I hear a Voice of lamentation high  
As Heaven, a Voice of love and tears whose tones  
Bewailed of old the city's doomèd stones,  
That would not own her King when He was nigh.

How oft' would I have gathered you, O States,  
O Races, in my saving Kingdom's fold,  
But ye would not!—But still without the gates  
Slew Me, nor knew your day of visitation,  
Desiring this day, whereof I foretold  
That it should bring such wrath and desolation!

### XXX

Has Christ failed, then, in Europe? Nay, but her  
Philosophers, her diplomats, her courts  
Have failed Him, trusting not his heavenly forts  
Of faith and love, nor daring from them stir  
In valor of his cross, to minister  
His life. Therefore for refuge she resorts  
To fear and hate, and all her host reports  
In camp of the Eternal Murderer.

Christ cannot fail, but He is still the Prince  
Of Peace. The Prince of this World faileth since  
The world began, and he shall always fail;  
He is the Enemy and Christ, the Friend,  
Who by his love shall mightily prevail  
And of whose Kingdom there shall be no end.



### XXXI

Think we that those on whom this tower of ill  
Descends, whose blood is mingled thus in vain  
With hopeless sacrifices, who so strain  
To bring forth good from evil, and fulfil  
Their own destruction while they waste and kill,  
Think we that they above all lands profane  
God's will, and so in chastisement obtain  
His judgment, from which we are scatheless still?

I tell you nay, but except we repent,  
Ourselves shall likewise perish: for we feed  
Bread of our children to the war-god's greed  
And with unholy mammon are defiled,  
And turn away the face of our own child  
From Christ, and know not our impoverishment!

## XXXII

America, behold how the world hangs  
This day upon thy virtue—thine alone;  
How Europe reaps the whirlwind she hath sown  
Of hellish hate, that unto Heaven clangs,  
Mocking her God and Savior's travail pangs  
For men's redemption; how the heathen groan  
In darkness by such darkness overblown,  
Meeting therein the serpent's poison fangs!

O purge thyself! O fall before the cross!  
O clasp it to thy breast, and count but loss  
The will and pride of men, if Christ appear  
In thee with love that God's own bosom gives,  
And never can be quelled, but giving, lives,  
And brings earth's blackest night all Heaven's cheer!

### XXXIII

God bless our President! In such an hour,  
When warring nations, blind with tears and blood,  
O'ermastered by fierce passions as a flood,  
Confront the last dread terror in the power  
Of darkness that on all their lands doth lower,  
And see his face among the stars that stud  
The sky, serene, above the stormy scud—  
God make of him a refuge and a tower!

As thou hast hope in God, America,  
And in his Kingdom, pray for him of yours  
Who stands before the nations and implores  
That hope; that heavenly grace and stamina  
May be in him, to make the matchless worth  
Of Christ, the King, appear upon the earth!

## XXXIV

The minds of kings are dark ; their thoughts are cast  
In molds of a dead era, when they traced  
Their way to thrones through wars, and ever braced  
Themselves thereon by wars ; they still hold fast  
To that unholy refuge of the past,  
Not knowing how a new age hath effaced  
Their covenant with death, and firmly based  
The strength of nations in Heaven's life, at last.

But we are of the future ; we are free ;  
And looking from the future's height, we see  
A new United States, of Europe, rise  
Out of her ashes and her agonies,  
And bid her hail, and cry the King of Kings  
Hasten to gather her beneath his wings !

## XXXV

No kingdom built in force can ever stand,  
For force is outward and can never reach  
The heart, but still the heart will rise and teach  
Its impulse and its passion to the hand;  
But God hath laid his Kingdom, deep and grand,  
In love, and there's no language and no speech  
Where the still voice of love may not beseech  
And win men's hearts to its divine command.

Who, then, is the world-statesman who foresees  
That Kingdom come, and brings its reign of peace?  
'Tis he who takes Christ's cross and hides it deep  
In human hearts, while nations wake and sleep,  
And the supreme world-wisdom is that of  
His lavish and uncalculating love.

## XXXVI

The soul is infinite: the whole world lies,  
Of peace and discord, hope and fear, praise, blame,  
Heavenly glory and infernal shame,  
Folden within its possibilities;  
And he who scorns the spirit is not wise;  
For out of it all strength and weakness came,  
And it alone survives the wreck and flame,  
And on it still the social pillars rise.

And I have seen Heaven's Kingdom fully come  
Within a soul disordered and accursed  
As this old, sin-sick, warring world, at worst,  
Bringing it forth with power to a new birth  
Of life and peace; and this is all my sum  
Of hope to see that Kingdom come on earth.

### XXXVII

It seems that this so solid-looking ground  
Is but a thin crust, yet, o'er fires of Hell  
That rage still in earth's womb, and none can tell  
What moment they with rushing, roaring sound  
Will burst abroad before him and confound  
The blessed day with smoke and ashes fell,  
Foul fumes and molten streams unstanched,  
And he and all his hopes therein be drowned.

For earth's old harlotries still bring forth death  
And men will ne'er be safe upon the earth  
Till she be purged of that infernal birth  
And yield her wholly to the Heavenly Sun  
Of Righteousness, who since the world begun,  
Breathed in her Heaven's life and Heaven's breath.

### XXXVIII

Of old when men were children and conceived  
Of God as one who loved their little tribe,  
While other tribes had other gods, to gibe  
And jeer at theirs, and hate in Heaven grieved  
Men's souls to dare the slaughter they believed  
God's will for earth, war was a boast the scribe  
Could chronicle and poets might ascribe  
Glory to him who most despite achieved.

But now men know one God and Father of  
Them all, one Elder Brother, whose dear love  
Is Heaven's law for earth: war is revealed  
A deed most blasphemous, profaning sky  
And earth, a most unnatural crime, the yield  
Of perfidy and infidelity.



### XXXIX

This war is from beneath and from above,  
Not of the nations, only, but that same  
Old conflict of the Beast, whose other name  
Is Self, and of the Christ, whose name is Love;  
And men and nations are the spoil thereof;  
For the Beast comes to kill and steal and maim,  
And Christ to heal, to ransom and reclaim,  
And men in ranks of each have ever strove.

It is the last fierce onslaught of the Beast,  
For now the world sees his jaws drip with slime  
Of its heart's blood, and feels his talons tear  
Its vitals, and its miseries increased  
Past suffering, till turning to Christ's care,  
It trust his saving banners for all time.

## XL

Build no more ships of war, my Land, no more :  
For we must fight upon Christ's side in this  
Great strife ; but if we cower 'neath guns that hiss  
With fires of Hell, and trust its cannon's roar,  
We take the arch-fiend for our commodore,  
And are already lost, and shall not miss  
To be dragged down by him to the abyss  
Wherein the nations perish at our door.

Heed not thy lying prophets, who are of  
This world ; have faith in God, and thou shalt build  
Ships of salvation, and they shall be filled  
With armies of the blood-red cross of love,  
And thou shalt send them east and west, to win  
Christ's peaceful victories o'er death and sin.

## XLI

We can perceive, at last, the world is one,  
And we shall save ourselves when we have saved  
The nations, and the way to life is paved  
Through travail and through sacrifice, and none  
Shall see God's great salvation 'neath the sun,  
Save in Christ's dauntless spirit, that once craved  
To give men life, and through the unseen braved  
The fear of death, and life immortal won.

Choose, then, my Land, if thou wilt bear his cross  
And live, or bear the sword and die. With Christ  
We suffer, but we reign for evermore;  
With Satan we shall surely suffer sore  
And miserably pass from loss to loss  
And perish with all nations he enticed.

## XLII

'Tis well we should sit down and count the cost,  
If we be able, with our paltry ten  
Thousand, to go against a force of men  
That number twenty thousand in their host;  
So, if we see no hope, ere they have crossed  
Our borders, we may send with haste to ken  
The grim conditions whereon we again  
May live a little while, ere all be lost.

Sure we can never do it in the might  
Or power of our own hands, but by the Son  
Of God, and by his Spirit, if we have  
But faith, the battle is already won,  
And the great prize, which is the blessed salve  
Of peace for the whole bleeding world, in sight.

### XLIII

If we would dip our pens in Heaven's fire,  
They would be mightier than the swords of kings;  
If we would pray the prayer of faith, that brings  
Unfailing answer to sincere desire,  
If we would grant God's Spirit to inspire  
Our souls with rapture of eternal things,  
We should lift up our voice as one that sings,  
And walls should fall, and camping hosts expire!

For God hath sought a nation He could use,  
One to delight in Him and do his will,  
But all were faithless, and in hopeless tears  
Received the due fulfillment of their fears;  
Last He seeks us—O Spirit that endues  
With might, grant us his purpose to fulfil!

## XLIV

The tide of time is at the point to turn:  
The kingdom of this world, that has prevailed  
Upon the face of the whole earth, has failed,  
And the great deeps of human passion yearn  
Toward a Kingdom whose pure glories burn  
Eternal in the Heavens,—that availed  
Of old to draw to it the souls it hailed  
Out from the welter of their brief sojourn.

Those souls of men are grown a multitude  
Innumerable, out of every race,  
People and tribe and tongue, and the strong pull  
Of that new Kingdom has laid hold for good  
On the world's center, till with saving grace  
And knowledge of the Lord all earth be full.

## XLV

It is a time of peril and of power,  
A day of crisis, big with destiny;  
But the decisive blow of history  
Shall not be dealt with bullets that devour,  
Nor by the lands that use them, but in our  
Free soul, where Christ and Satan mightily  
Wrestle for spiritual victory,  
And we shall say who triumphs in this hour.

The Past and Future, Hell and Heaven, Christ  
And Satan, meet in the arena here,  
And a great cloud of witnesses appear  
In Heaven and Hell and all the world, to see  
If we have courage that of old sufficed  
To overcome the world, and set men free.

## XLVI

If we must die (for life is not more dear  
Than our most holy cause) then let us die  
For Heaven, not for Hell, truth, not a lie,  
And fall into God's arms, who shall appear  
To raise us from the dead. Yea, let our seer  
See God, and let him pray, till we descry  
Those chariots and those horsemen of the sky  
Who are our only hope, and our last fear.

I know a warfare calls for lives and blood,  
Whose soldiers bear no weapon, but the cross,  
And think him braver who with ardor high  
Goes forth therein than regiments that toss  
Their lives to the grim chance of guns. O God,  
In that dear warfare let me fight and die!



## XLVII

We stand above the nations, and our cause  
Is not our own, but God's, and God hath blessed  
Us mightily and given us his rest,  
And set his Kingdom in our heart, that draws  
The peoples to our bosom from the jaws  
Of that destructive kingdom, east and west,  
That preys upon its children,—that our breast  
Might feed the world, our mouth speak Heaven's laws.

And thus saith God, America, "If thou  
"Wilt trust in Me, and put the unclean thing  
"Away from thee, and take my Son for King,  
"And let his Kingdom in thee be unfurled,  
"Thou shalt fear nothing, but shalt witness now  
"His victory of love o'ercome the world!"

## XLVIII

I know the faith that overcomes the world,  
Whereat the Prince thereof, who perpetrates  
Impious war, doth tremble, and the gates  
Of Hell, that have decoyed the lands, impearled  
Like gates of Paradise, are rent and hurled  
To the foul pit they gloze, and human states  
Confess God's law of love, that animates  
His Heaven, and surely is on earth unfurled.

It is the faith of Christ, the Son of God,  
Savior of souls to life forever young,  
Before whose blood-blest rood the blood-curst rod  
Of kings must be laid down; who comes, even now,  
And every eye shall see Him, every tongue  
Confess Him, every knee before Him bow!

## XLIX

Hark how each king and emperor declares  
That God is on his side—how all appeal  
To God to help them murder, waste and steal!  
But none appeals to Christ, of whom God swears,  
“He is my Son; hear Him!” and not one dares  
Assert that Christ is on his side, to feel  
The filthy passions of his fiendish zeal;  
And Christ’s pure name is not in all their prayers.

The god they cry to, he is of their own  
Imaginations, yea, a god outgrown,  
And impotent to help as wood or stone;  
But as for the eternal God Christ came  
To show, they know Him not, and to their shame  
They take upon their lips his awful name!

## L

This last colossal crime of Christendom  
Is fruit of her apostasy and sin  
Of unbelief, for Satan enters in  
When Christ goes out: there is no vacuum  
In spirit, more than flesh, but evils come  
On heels of our denials and begin  
To work a vast destructive woe wherein  
We cry again for faith's palladium.

Thou art not guiltless of this great transgression,  
My Country! O God give thee to discern  
The meaning of this time, to humble thee,  
To own thy sin, with all thy heart to turn  
To Christ, ere thou be forced to make confession  
Of Him at mouth of Hell's artillery!

## LI

War is revelation: in an hour  
That men know not, seeds of selfishness,  
Fear, suspicion, envy, they caress  
In their bosoms, grown to unknown power,  
Burst before the world in bloody flower,  
All whose dripping petals reconfess  
That old revelation alterless,  
“Hate is murder,” spoke by Truth’s Avower.

War is judgment: from the ripened grain  
It doth pluck the tares at last for burning;  
And above it God, the Judge, is turning  
To destruction bloody men and vain;  
And its sentence is as old as breath  
On this blood-soaked planet: “Sin is death!”

## LII

War is the mailed hand of criminal states  
That strike the helpless down and bind the free  
And build an arrogant supremacy  
Of selfish force; but the just land that waits  
For righteousness and loves God's law, and hates  
Iniquity, builds up his courts, and she  
Shall not be put to shame therein, but He  
Will send his angels forth to guard her gates.

And she shall prosper and shall have a new  
Supremacy of service, and the word  
Of God shall go forth from her mouth to all  
The lands and not return again unheard,  
But they shall come from east and west to view  
Her great salvation and to own Christ's thrall.

### LIII

What one war settles may another war  
Unsettle, and what has been won by force  
May so be lost again, and in the course  
Of dealing death do nations die; therefore  
War settles naught, but God is Governor  
Who made all men one flesh, not to divorce  
Them from each other, and their last resource  
Is love, and Christ alone is Conqueror.

But that is settled which is settled right,  
And they are free from fear who trust the might  
Of the Almighty, and they that deal in love,  
Though they may agonize in blood and tears,  
Shall never die, but all his power shall prove  
And live and reign with Christ a thousand years.

## LIV

I take the slur of "peace at any price"  
And wear it unashamed with Him, who, when  
He was reviled, reviled not again,  
But prayed for brutish men who cast their dice  
Upon his blood-stained garments, whose foul cries  
Mocked his great gift of life their narrow ken  
Perceived not, rendering up his soul for men  
To God, a free, obedient sacrifice.

I count Him strong, who rendered good for ill,  
Love for despite; I count He overcame  
The world, and proved the glory of God's will,  
The invincibility of faith, the claim  
Of love to love; I reckon He indeed  
Was free, and by his spirit men are freed.



## LV

It is a day of wrath and reckoning  
For Europe, but for us a day of pause  
And testing. Out of every race, as straws  
Sucked by the wind, or as the needles swing  
To the pole, we came to share the banqueting  
The Wonder Worker spread here, and because  
Our flesh is filled, we hail Him with applause  
And would take Him by force to make Him King.

But He withdraws and cries, "'Tis not enough  
"Ye eat my loaves and fishes! I am Bread  
"Of Life! Ye must eat Me! My spirit's puff  
"Must be your breath of life! Ye must pursue  
"My joy—must clasp the cross whereon I bled,  
"If ye would have Me to reign over you!"

## LVI

How vainly have we cried "Peace! Peace!" where no  
Peace was! How vainly shall the nations patch  
A partial, unenforcèd peace, and snatch  
A little respite ere the whole world flow  
Together in unutterable woe  
Of self-destruction; if all men attach  
Them not to Heaven's Kingdom, to o'ermatch  
All principalities and powers below!

Know, O my Country, this democracy  
Thou boastest in, is but a half-way house  
Between the City of Destruction and  
The Holy City; and thou canst not stand  
Therein, but must go back in infamy,  
Or forward and the Lamb of God espouse!

## LVII

The sword has pierced my bosom and its pain  
Consumes me so that outward sights grow dim,  
But inwardly my soul has sight of Him  
Who came from God unweaponed and was slain,  
In whose great death is all our life made plain.  
O all God's lightning-girded cherubim  
Could but have brought us to destruction grim—  
He saved us; through his death we life attain!

Therefore hath God exalted Him on high.  
And thou, my Country, that hast dared to love  
Humanity and peace, so must thou die  
To self and sin and look to God above  
To bring his Kingdom through thee and to raise  
Thee up therein immortal to his praise.







16  
31  
53  
40

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